Wellesley College News

EXTRA — WELLESLEY, MASS., FEBRUARY 4, 1937 — EXTRA

CASTILLE DE BUNKE CAUSES LOVE DUEL

Psych Demt. Reveals Real Horrid Tunian

Tub-Conscious Desire to Sing Causes Professor to Murder Leader of College Queir

"Get-the-psychology - dementment" was Miss B. Wildred Smackaflee's hurried statement as she became quickly cognizant of the tragic situation in the Greek theater in Wellesley. Five messengers including the impetuous Miss Smackaflee instantly set out toward Pendleton Hall. Within five minutes Mr. Wigler, Mrs. Calory and Miss Ryebreader were on the scene and had started the investigation that was to lead to the startling announcement that Horrid Tunian's tub-conscious had made him strangle Mr. Gweene.

Mr. Wigler's face brightened up as he viewed the body of Mr. E. Barrytone Gweene. "'Strangled is the word for Gweenie," he announced cheerfully as he removed the suspenders from the latter's neck. Then noticing Miss Smackaflee's relentless wringing of her hands and those of any bystanders around, he called his coworkers in to form a huddle. The moaning of the Queir members brought the psychology dementment out of the huddle, and Mr. Wigler, pushing Miss Ryebreader and Mrs. Calory aside, announced himself the leader of the committee. Violent denials from the two women had no effect on Mr. Wigler.

The psychologists quickly planned a course of action and, before anyone could move, started the great Probe into the faculty tub - conscious. Miss Ryebreader got to Horrid Tunian first, and set to work with a will. She later announced that she used sympathetic understanding and brute force in laying open his tub-conscious and discovering the motive for the Gweene strangle case. Having tied Mr. Horrid Tunian down with an old piece of rope, Miss Ryebreader began her campaign. Groans and shrieks and other unmusical sounds rent the air as Mr. Horrid Tunian loudly refused to assist the psychologist in her task.

Perseverance, however, won and after ten minutes Miss Ryebreader blew a whistle three times, indicating that the search was over. Her co-workers rushed over instantly, ruthlessly, leaving their subjects with half exposed tub-conscious. As the rest of the crowd also gathered around at the same time, Miss Ryebreader leaped up on the pedestal of the Greek theater to make her discovery known to everyone.

The following is the gist of her speech: "Mr. Horrid Tunian's tub-conscious was hard to get at, but the psychology department always comes through with the goods. According to the best techniques of Freud, Jung, Adler, Calory, Wigler, and Ryebreader, I have exposed the Horrid Tunian tub-conscious. It yearns to sing; its owner has never been able to make the grade and sing in the Queir; *ergo*, in the fray between the Queir members and the Worse Squeaking choir, the Horrid Tunian tub-conscious made him

(*Continued on Page* 2, *Col.* 3)

desire under the oaks

By Vanilla Wavery

Miss Wavery Disgorges Pent-up Emotion In Sensational Painting

"Well, what of it," said Miss Vanilla Wavery, in the interview on Desire Under the Oaks, her surrealist painting which, exhibited a few hours after the murder of E. Barrytone Gweene by Horrid Tunian, has shaken the foundations of Wellesley (Mr. Campheil has begun excavating for more hidden works of the art dementment). "Horrid's done a wonderful job—Gweene's course in music always did conflict with senior art, but the ideal of it all is that Horrid's given me courage to express myself . . . if Mussolini can renovate Rome, I guess I can do as much for Wellesley . . . such terrible mixtures of styles . . . what's that door-way over there . . . baroque, renaissance, gothic, no, no, you goose . . . that's not my work. Have you ever seen such a good relief . . . Eurydice and King Edward . . . no, what did I say? Mrs. Simpson and Orpheus . . . no, no, the folds of drapery on Mrs. Simpson . . . the restraint of Edward's face. . . . I'm glad he did it . . . are you with me, class? Oh, you wanted to know about my painting . . . it expresses the new trend . . . some elements from the Asiatic light and dark, the Greeks' use of light and shade. . . but this is new —dark and shady."

The reporter, bewildered, although ready to admit the painting was dark to him and might be shady, went for some light to Miss Sirupy der Necessity, writer of *How to teach Art at Columbia in Six Easy Lessons.* Sirupy said, "Vanilla's been writhing to make her classes think. As subtle propaganda for Roosevelt, I noticed one day she tried to smuggle some WPA art into the slides. Vanilla fished them out from Emily Sparks' waste-basket. When they were shown in class, Emily Sparks, who voted for Landon in the last election, rounded up a committee to throw cream-puffs at the slides, while they shouted, "We want Rome and Mussolini, we want Rome and Mussolini." It wasn't until Barrytone Gweene faded from the picture that Miss Wavery dared to reveal her inhibitions on modern art. Miss Der Necessity beamed, as she looked at the copy of the picture, hung above

(*Continued on Page* 2, *Col.* 1)

Gweene Victim In Bloody Fray

'They Never Did Things Like This at Soberlin!' Cries B. Wildred Smackaflee

EVILMESSER, WITNESS

The suspender murder of E. Barrytone Gweene in a brawl which followed the love duel in the Greek theater last night led to startling investigations. The psychology dementment, through their solution of the mystery murder, has revealed festering inhibitions in the tub-conscious not only of the duellers, Horrid Tunian and T. Haze Proctah, but of the entire college.

The intrusion of T. Haze Proctah in the well-known Horrid Tunian-de Bunke romance caused the tragedy. Tunian's deep-seated passion for the petite bright-eyed leader of the Worse Squeaking choir has long been campus gossip.

The serpent reared his ugly head in the form of the new claimant to the lady's hand, T. Haze Proctah, who challenged the youthful Romeo to a duel in the Greek theater. Seconds for Horrid were the Queir members led by Gweene, innocent victim of the fray. Haze's seconds were furnished by the fickle de Bunke, who charged her Squeakers to protect her new flame.

Punky Evilmesser, who was experimenting on an experimental production of *Oedipus* behind a cypress tree, was eye-witness to the fatal rendezvous. Snaking like a leaf, Miss Evilmesser described the gruesome scene as follows:

"I smelled a rat when Horrid appeared in the moonlight brandishing a poker, followed by the black-robed Queir members and Gweene, wearing—I noted to my horror—*pink suspenders!* Rooted to the spot, I presently saw a figure emerging from the underbrush, bearing aloft an overstuffed armchair. It was Haze Proctah."

What started as a scholarly duel turned into a brawl when the Queir members spied the white figures of the Worse Squeaking choir led by the fair de Bunke, advancing slowly through the trees. "Ave Maria!", shrieked the Queir members and rushed upon them, as the Squeakers chortled "Sweet, sweet, sweet, sweet" in several shades of green.

At this point Miss Evilmesser swooned and we take up our account from the lips of the Queir Forester Carol Barker.

"Bodies to the right of me, bodies to the left of me. Confusion prevailed. 'Is this a heroic passage or is it not?', cried my dauntless leader Gweene, the last words I ever heard him speak."

The brawl would have ended in a complete slaughter had not our trusty Vassarette B. Wildred Smackaflee then appeared on her motorcycle. "Lay off," the imperious little lady cried. "We never did things like this in *Soberlin!*" The wounded combatants, one and all, dragged them-

(*Continued on Page* 2, *Col.* 5)

Profs Make Peace In Great Beyond

Haze 'n' Horrid Conduct Seance

BIBLE, PHIL DEMTS. COME

"Spiritualism is the only way to ascertain THE TRUTH," said Professor T. Haze Proctah when questioned in connection with the mysterious killing of Professor E. Barrytone Gweene during a duel between Mr. Proctah and Mr. Horrid Tunian. "Mr. Horrid Tunian and I," he went on to say, "have buried the hatchet and joined forces in a concerted effort to reach the spirit of Mr. Gweene in the GREAT BEYOND."

Although in the future the dementments of philosophy and Biblical history will have to be advised by remote control from Messrs. Proctah and Horrid Tunian in their shiny new office on Huntington avenue, the spiritualists performed their first piece of investigation on the college campus, at the scene of the recent crime. In spite of the fact that the mystery was solved by other means, the story of the first seance is an interesting one, the complete details of which have not yet been divulged.

Seance 101A was held under the auspices of and for the especial benefit of the combined dementments of philosophy and Biblical history. The stillness was heavy—heavy enough to cut with a knife, were it not a bit distasteful to mention such a weapon at this time—the curtains drawn, and the group alert, as Prof. Horrid Tunian made the first appeal to the Dear Departed. Although the spirit of Mr. Gweene could not be found, the strains of a Bach chorale, played skilfully on the harmonica, indicated that he could not be far away—perhaps only shy.

After it was discovered that the movements of the table, first thought to be a message from the Beyond, were only due to the shaking of academic knees, the whole assemblage startcd at the murmuring of a word. "'Willing willing,' it said," cried Professor Louie Littlebone Smith. "It means he'll tell all."

"Not at all," countered Mr. Tryatt, "It said 'Billings.' We must go there. That's where his soul must be."

Mr. Proctah, being English, had thought he said "shillings" and wanted to stay and collect, but he was outnumbered.

As the group crept into Billings hall, Miss Virgie Honkytonk and Mr. Jordon B. Jellman seated themselves at the organ, their hands resting gently on the keys. As their trembling fingers drifted into the strains of "Chop sticks," there was a loud knocking in the organ.

"Halloo, Great Spirit," began Mr. Proctah but was immediately thrust aside by Mr. Horrid Tunian, who exclaimed,

"Let me handle this, 'T. Haze. You get us off the track by always trying to speak to Socrates."

Mr. Proctah went off to sulk in a corner and left his fellow musicateer to his conversation with the Beyond. The knocks grew louder as the questions continued, and suddenly there was a great crash and the sound of a falling body. The lights flashed on and a burst of laughter came from Miss Seal Sompson and Dean Werry Foolidge, who exclaimed in unison,

"It's only a sophomore playing knock-knock!"

Messrs. Proctah and Horrid Tunian will continue their seances in their specially constructed offices on Huntington avenue. "At last," they say, "we have found ourselves," and entertain their customers in between seances with Hindu rope tricks.

Soapy Tart, Mrs. Gloomis, And Tommy Rotter Confess Tub-conscious

Mrs. Calory, in her probings of the tub-conscious of the composition and literature dementments, has released their repressed stream of consciousness. "These desires have been fermenting for years," she says, "and have only been expressed in red neckties and purple dresses."

Miss Soapy Tart's fixation on her black bag is now brought to light. When confronted with this evidence of her repression, she called, "Fifth floor, please. Let me have the fire-escape." Whereupon she called Miss Sucker and said, "Miss - er, Miss - er, will you kindly be responsible for putting this on the 304 reserve shelf?"

Other startling revelations were made by Mrs. Calory, unearthing the worms at the cores of these dementments. The accidental murder of E. Barrytone Gweene, and the resulting psychoanalysis, have torn down all inhibitions. Miss Fuell, of the Lit dementment, wearing a grey knitted stomacher, smokes one cigar after another, delicately holding them with the tips of her lacquered fingers. Mrs. Gloomis' fun-conscious, long suppressed under weighty tomes of Chaucer, now expresses her desire to rhumba at Columbia dances with Mr. Gloomis and other professors. "All Ph. D.'s, you understand," she exclaims.

Miss Fanfaring is off bicycling in the English lake country with her dear friend, T. S. Eliot. She has written to the composition department, "Here we go round the prickly pear, the prickly pear, the prickly pear. It hasn't rained once since my tub-conscious was freed."

Mr. Tommy Rotter sings *I've Got You Under My Skin* to a select group of D. A. R. women in chapel Sunday afternoons. He is practicing for Cab Calloway's "Fireside Musicale," and is urging all his classes to listen in.

"Dollars is dollars is dollars is dollars," says Miss Scratchelder. She is a regular contributor to *True Confessions Magazine*. "You may stick up your nose—nosey—nosey, girls, but you must get your stuff in print. Don't just write for your own enjoyment. Think of your audience!"

Miss Smerkins, still retaining her position as chairman of the composition dementment, is now a member of Radio City's famous Rockettes. "It's good publicity," she advises her students.

So much study of Virginia Woolf has proved helpful to the composition and literature dementments in the recent freeing of their tub-conscious.

Miss Wavery Spews Out Her Surrealism

(*Continued from Page* 1, Col. 4)

her bed. "Isn't it typical!" she squealed.

Mr. Camphell said that he believed his excavations of the art building and Tower court will produce other similar works by Mrs. Fabbott, Mr. Belfries, and Mr. Style, which will be an outstanding contribution in the art world.

Miss B. Wildred Smackaflee has been so impressed by the painting, *Desire Under the Oaks*, that she has given a leave of absence to the whole dementment in order that they may study the painting, *Desire Under the Oaks*, which has been sent to Rome. Miss Wavery has sent the original to the "railroad station museum at Rome, so people could see a great work of art while waiting for a train."

COPIES OF 'DESIRE UNDER THE OAKS' AND A TUB-CONSCIOUS BIBLIOGRAPHY MAY BE PURCHASED AT BATHAWAY HOUSE

Office Deluged By Prof. Talent

'To Place Student Not Faculty Job of Pursennel Bureau' Shrieks Miss Woodn't

STUDENTS JOBLESS

"I wish it to be understood, and thoroughly understood, that we are not placing our faculty but our students," shrieked in desperation Miss Alice Ida Perry Woodn't, director of the Pursennel bureau, as she held to view the latest in the stream of telegrams with various offers for faculty members flooding into the office since the sensational events of the great Wellesley exposé.

"Super-super film wants Castille de Bunke for lead in great new love opus stop Duke of Windsor planned for lead Robert Taylor substituting if necessary stop can she go west stop wire immediately" ran the text of the latest Hollywood plea to arrive. "You see," moaned Miss Woodn't, rocking back and forth in her swivel chair, "nothing but this comes pouring in, and not a thing for one of our girls, not a thing!" She pointed mournfully to a newly inked chart on the wall which indicated a sickening drop in the rate of college girl employment at Wellesley. "And that's not the only thing," she wailed. "With all this tub-conscious being let loose, members of the faculty are coming to me to place them in jobs where they can *really* follow their own bents!"

Woefully Miss Woodn't unfolded the tale of the Pursennel bureau's straits now that the world had become aware of the unknown potentialities seething under the previous veneer of utter respectability of the Wellesley Great Minds. A telegram from Atlantic City wanted to know if Mr. Wigler from the Psych dementment and Mr. Puncan of the Astrology dementment wouldn't team up for a mind-reading and fortune-telling act; another demanded the Worse Squeaking choir for the Hit-o'-the-Week program; the Hoboken Art galleries begged some of Miss Sirupy der Necessity's newest surrealist creations, and adamantly refused any of the lurve-ly expressionist work done by the little girls themselves.

"But that's not the worst of it," continued Miss Woodn't, and Miss Hussel and Miss Plague, hovering behind her with bottles of smelling salts, nodded doleful testimony to the sad state of affairs. "What I'M supposed to do with the faculty, I don't know! Professor Tommy Rotter came in this morning insisting he was through being Intellectual, and yearned for a job as yodeller with the White Horse Inn company. And Professor Wavery insists I sign her for a series of lectures in Symphony hall which she can deliver in her brand new diving suit—'If Dali can do it, so can I!' she told me!"

This reporter had barely escaped from the chaotic offices when the telephone rang and past the glass partitions floated an exasperated voice, "No, no, no, Horrid Tunian will *not* appear on the radio with Rin-Tin-Tin!"

PSYCH DEMT. REVEALS REAL HORRID TUNIAN

(*Continued from Page* 1, Col. 1)

strangle Mr. Gweene with the victim's own suspenders. Horrid Tunian is absolved from all blame in the case, and the tub-conscious gets it all."

Loud cheers followed this revelation. Congratulations were extended to the doughty psychologists, and Miss Smackaflee pinned roses on all three. Mr. Horrid Tunian fainted most politely, but revived in time to participate in the refreshments which the Pursennel bureau passed around.

DE SCYTHE DISCLOSES AUTOPSY ON DEAD MAN

Horrible Neck Wounds Indicate Sudden Death of Young Queir Director, Dr. Boils Says

The autopsy on the body of the murdered man, Mr. E. Barrytone Gweene, was performed by Dr. Mary F. De Scythe, the college physician. Doctor De Scythe was assisted in getting the body off of Miss Smackaflee's motor-cycle and into the elevator, where the autopsy was performed, by Nurse Sackett who held a bottle of rubbing alcohol to the dead man's nose in the hope of reviving him.

After working over the body for several hours alone in the elevator, the doctor pronounced her verdict of death by choking. Mr. Gweene had been choked to death by the use of a wide rubber strap. Judging from the marks on the corpse a pair of suspenders had been used for the killing. Slight scars on the flesh of the neck where the band had been drawn tight bore resemblance to the metallic piece in the middle of the back of a pair of suspenders.

In the opinion of Dr. Boils the actual choking must have been accomplished in the short period of a few seconds. The reason none of the Queir members were aware that their leader was being murdered was that one is not usually able to cry out when being choked due to interference with the natural action of the voice box. The doctor feels that it is strange, however, that one with Mr. Gweene's knowledge of the vocal cords could not have discovered a way to overcome this natural phenomenon. She attributes this lack of initiative in this case to surprise on the part of the murdered man at the prospect of being murdered by whomever the murderer may have been.

MISS DE BUNKE TELLS OF SQUEAKER HICCUP

Plans Include Special Performance Before Fellow Squeaker, Mrs. F. D. Rusevelt

"I'm in an awful hurry now," Miss Castille de Bunke exclaimed as we stopped her on her way to her office in Green hall. "So many of you reporters have been chasing after me these days, I hardly have time to meet my appointments. But she finally agreed to give us a few moments to tell us a little of her plans for the future.

We rushed into her office and as she sat down she offered us some cough drops. "You know I'm advertising Hoarse Brothers cough drops with my Worse Squeaking choir over a national hiccup. You must have heard us on Sunday afternoons. I'm requiring my classes to take these cough drops to relieve nasality."

But we were more interested in her future plans so we asked her what she intended to do this summer.

"Oh, I'm planning to take the Worse Squeaking choir on a tour with me around the country. We will visit all the most important cities, you know. There has been such an intense interest in Worse Squeaking choirs ever since we developed our group at Wellesley. With funds supplied by the generous alumnae we are hiring the private train which Stokowski and his Philadelphia orchestra used. Daniel O'Connell and Saul Caston are deserting the Stokowski entourage to join the Worse Speaking Hiccup. We are planning to give a special performance for Mrs. Rusevelt, a sister squeaker. We do not, however, intend to stop in Hollywood. The film companies have been so insistent upon my entering the movies. Nevertheless I have refused the offers of Metro-Goldwyn-Meyer, Universal, Fox, Paramount and Warner Brothers, because I'd much rather train and travel with my Worse Squeaking choir. Next year I hope to take them to Europe."

Miss de Bunke rose and hurried away to keep her engagement with Mr. James Curley. "I'm teaching him intercostal breathing," she explained as she disappeared through the door.

A. A. Frantics

Water Carnival

Not to be daunted by the unseasonable weather, WOC (Wellesley Outing club), with the co-operation of A. A. (Athletic Association) is planning a Water carnival, in place of the Winter carnival planned for the week-end of January 23rd. The Water carnival will be held Friday and Saturday, February 5th and 6th, if Lake Waban is free of Ice. The administration feels that the carnival will provide a welcome diversion from exams.

There will be a swimming and diving meet on Friday afternoon, followed by an exhibition by Olympic stars in the evening. Arrangements are being made for flood lights to illuminate the dock and the surrounding areas for that evening.

On Saturday afternoon the program will consist of the judging of the soap sculpturing contest at 2 p.m.; gunwaling race, in-and-out race, and tandem race with canoes at 2:30 p.m.; intercollegiate surf-board contest at 3:30 p.m.; swimming skit by Wellesley and Harvard swimmers at 4 p.m.; boat ride supper at 5:30 p.m. In the evening there will be a moonlight swim. Formal dress is optional and the price of admission is $1.00 per couple, $.75 for girl stags, while men stags will be admitted free of charge. The profits will be turned over to the Swimming Pool fund.

A. S. Pew. Meets Under Miss Sparks

At last the far-famed Wellesley chapter of the A. S. Pew., that honorable association headed by Joseph Cash, James Wrestler, Molly Card and Celeste Crack, has emerged into the realm of actual organization and work. Emily Sparks called a meeting of the powers behind the scenes and mapped a plan of campaign sometime during the rest period between the end of classes and the first exam.

Barbara Leave Her Man and Erma Coldbum head the Drivel Liberties banditti, which has already gone into action on the Teachers' Loath Bill and the Jerome Davis Lace. Claire Weal and Peg della Pantie are cochairmen on the Saber banditti and plan to get in a couple of rounds before the end of the semester with a similar set-up at Bavard university in Cambridge. Mary Louise Offtheddle reported on her very active Grease banditti and volunteered to help with Edith Speak Lauder on the Modle Leg symposium which comes off the first week of March at Bavard and Dratcliffe Colleges.

GWEENE FALLS IN FRAY VICTIM OF SUSPENDERS

Smackaflee Carries Body to King's Arms Infirmary on Handlebars of Her Own Motorcycle

(*Continued from Page* 1, *Col.* 5)

selves off the field in every direction, moaning pitifully.

Making her way back to her motorcycle over the gory field, B. Wildred tripped over a prostrate body. She was horrified to discover poor Gweene, strangled in his own suspenders. She slung the body over the handle bars of her cycle and departed for the King's Arms infirmary.

Deciding to give her all to her Squeakers who were soon to broadcast on a nation-wide hiccup, the temperamental de Bunke had departed. Horrid too had disappeared completely, but de Bunke confessed to have heard, as she flounced off, Haze muttering to himself: "By the dog, how could I forget it! I've got a wife already."

TUNE IN ON THE NATION-WIDE HICCUP OF THE WORSE-SQUEAKING CHOIR SUNDAY, AT 3 A. M. STATION T-U-B